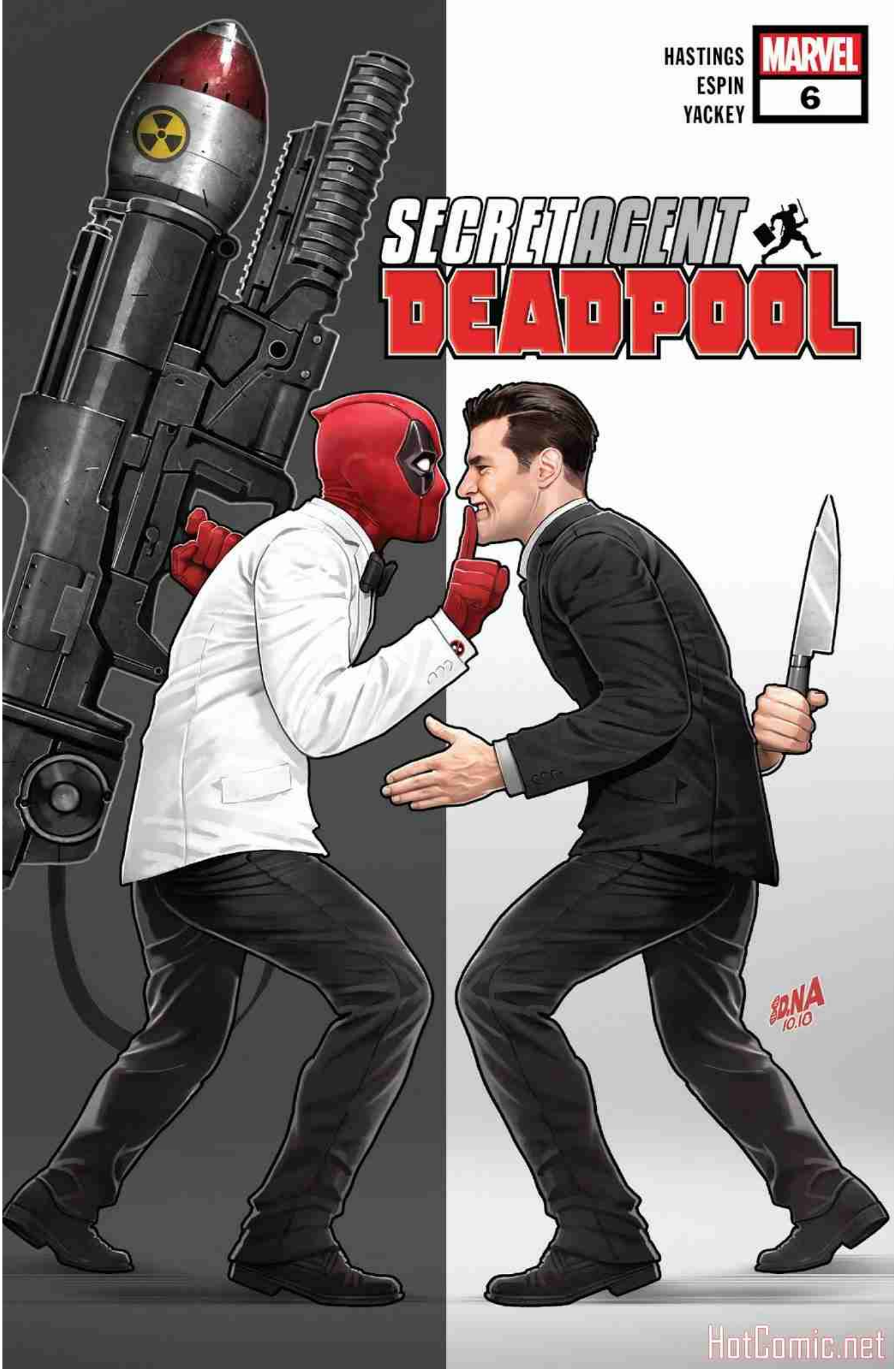

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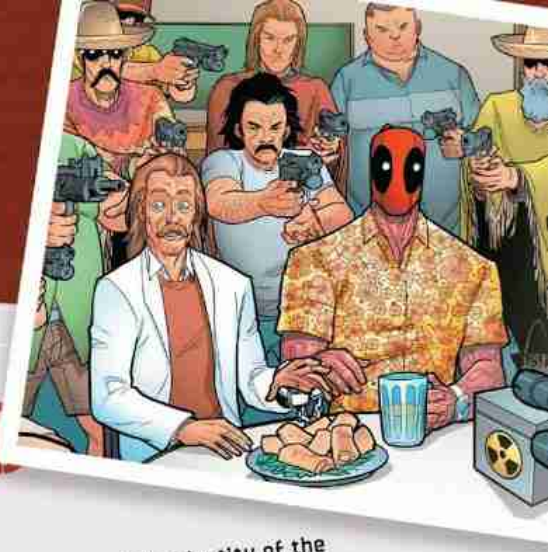

CLASSIFIED

MISSION #2018006

As a result of a mix-up, Deadpool killed and assumed the identity of the RISK MANAGEMENT AGENCY'S top super-spy, **Jace Burns**, and took on Burns' mission of locating **Dr. Chip Dispon** and the **Protolith**, a rock capable of tearing open a portal into paradox space and driving people mad.

Renounced by the R.M.A. after his true identity was revealed by rival organization, **GORGON**, Deadpool still managed to track down Dipson and the Protolith in the hopes of impressing R.M.A. handler **Shortbread**--only to walk into an R.M.A. ambush set up by the agency's chief, Arch Director Blank!

Concerned by Blank's power hungry monologue about the Protolith, Deadpool attacked him, knocking off a lifelike mask and revealing the very much alive Jace Burns?!!

SECRET AGENT DEADPOOL

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MISSING HORSE

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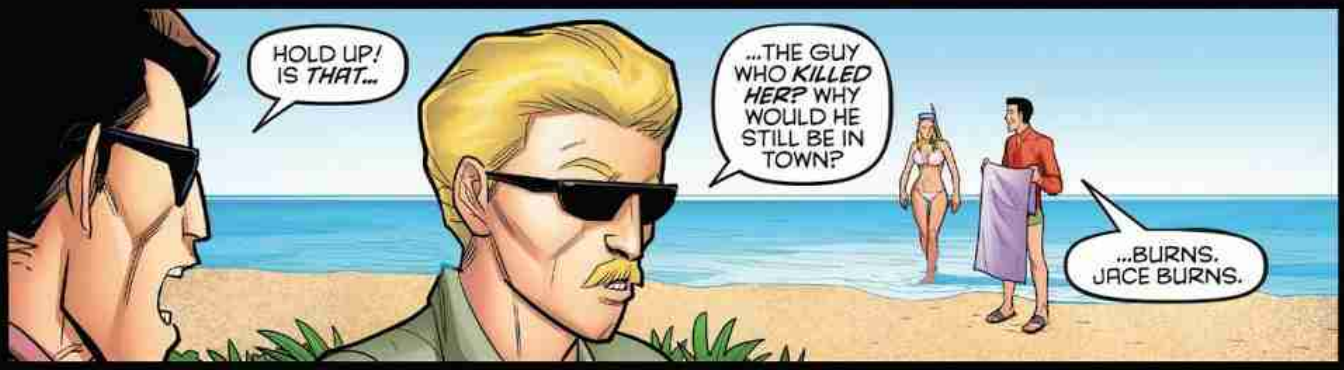
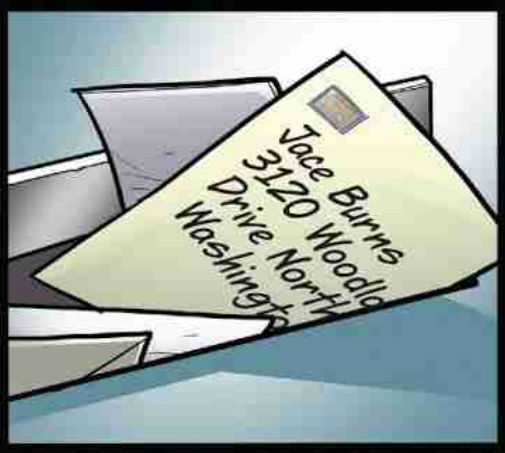
SIX MONTHS AGO...
MEDUSA IX WAS GONNA CHANGE THE WORLD. IT AIN'T RIGHT WHAT HAPPENED TO HER.
I HEARD THE GORGON HIGHER-UPS GOT A GOOD LEAD ON BRINGING IN A MEDUSA X.
IT WON'T BE THE SAME...



--WILL GIVE YOU THE COORDINATES FOR THE MISSILE SHIPMENT.
MMM-HMM. I LIKE THIS RUG. COULD I GET IT SHIPPED?
IT'S BURNS. JACE BURNS. 3120...



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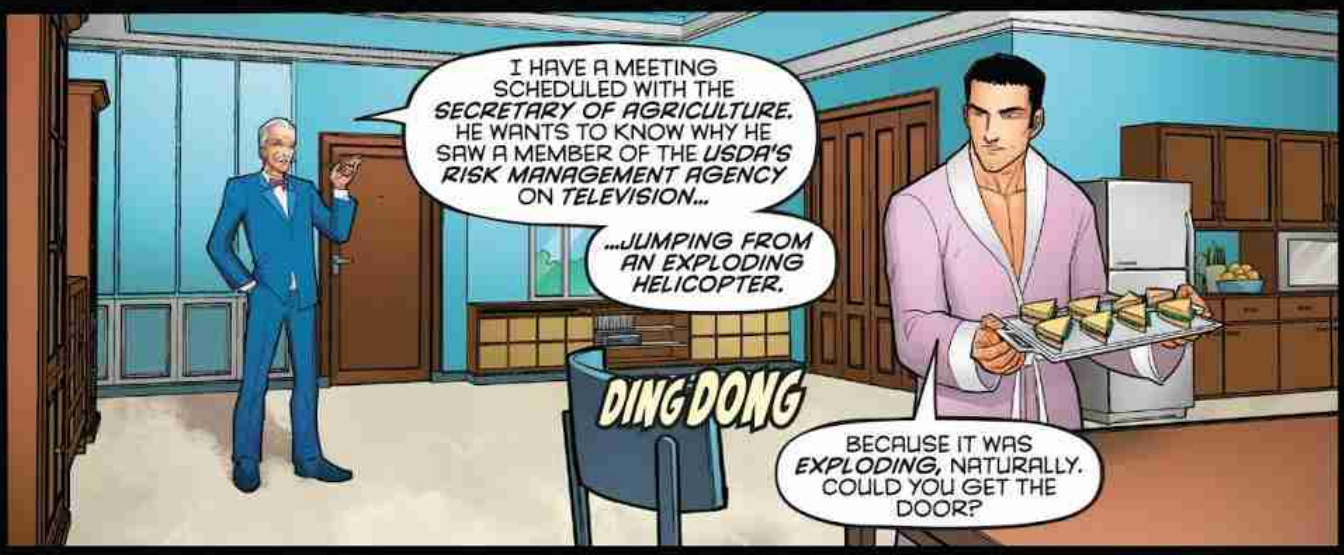
I HAVE A MEETING SCHEDULED WITH THE *SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.* HE WANTS TO KNOW WHY HE SAW A MEMBER OF THE *USDA'S RISK MANAGEMENT AGENCY* ON *TELEVISION...*
...JUMPING FROM AN EXPLODING HELICOPTER.
DING DONG
BECAUSE IT WAS *EXPLODING,* NATURALLY. COULD YOU GET THE DOOR?

IF THE *USDA* FINDS OUT WHAT THIS AGENCY *ACTUALLY* SPENDS ITS BUDGET ON, WE ARE *FINISHED,* AGENT BURNS. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
I'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE IT THIS TIME, BUT YOU NEED TO BE *CAREFUL,* OR--

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DON'T PANIC, JUST HAVE TO SOLVE THIS BUDGET PROBLEM...
...NOT LET ANYONE KNOW THIS IS MY FAULT...
...AND THEN WHEN EVERYTHING IS FINE, BLANK CAN DIE IN HIS SLEEP...
...MAYBE IN A WITNESS-FREE BOAT ACCIDENT.

R.M.A
HELLO! YES, HI! MORNING, EVERYONE, FROM ME, ARCH DIRECTOR BLANK!
SIR, YOUR BUDGET MEETING IS IN TEN MINUTES! WE COULD GET SHUT DOWN. WHERE WERE YOU?
CAN'T WAIT TWO SECONDS, CAN YOU, SHORTBREAD? IT'S BEEN A STRESSFUL MORNING--
FTZZZ

GREETINGS. THIS IS MEDUSA X OF GORGON.
HOW THE HELL DID THEY HACK IN HERE? SHORTBREAD, DON'T WE HAVE BETTER DEFENSES THAN THIS? FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON!

YOUR AGENT JACE BURNS IS ONLY ONE IN A LONG LINE OF FOES THAT HAVE TRIED TO TAKE GORGON'S HEAD.
SHOULD ANY OF YOUR UNDERLINGS TRY AGAIN, THEY WILL FIND ME TO BE MUCH...

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I SEE POLYAK. HE'S IN A GORGON HELICOPTER.
GREAT WORK, JACE! ARE YOU IN PURSUIT?
SHORTBREAD. NO, THAT WOULD BE STUPID. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE NEAR THEM UNTIL I FIGURE OUT HOW TO DEAL WITH THAT NEW MEDUSA X'S POWER.
THAT MAKES SENSE--
YOU'RE DISTRACTING ME. I'M GOING DARK.
BWIP
DEPARTMENT K HEALING FACTOR
THIRD-DEGREE BURNS
RAPID DERMAL REGENERATION
OH, A HEALING FACTOR. ANOTHER SUPER-POWERED JACKASS WITHOUT A CARE IN THE WORLD WHILE THE REST OF US DEAL WITH A SUDDEN RESPECT FOR DANGER AND DEATH AFTER A PAIR OF GUNMEN SHOWED UP AT OUR HOUSE...
MAYBE WE SHOULD RECRUIT THIS GUY. HE COULD PROBABLY SHRUG OFF MEDUSA X'S STONE TOUCH, NO PROBLEM.
THAT WOULD LOOK TERRIBLE FOR ME, THOUGH.
UNLESS...
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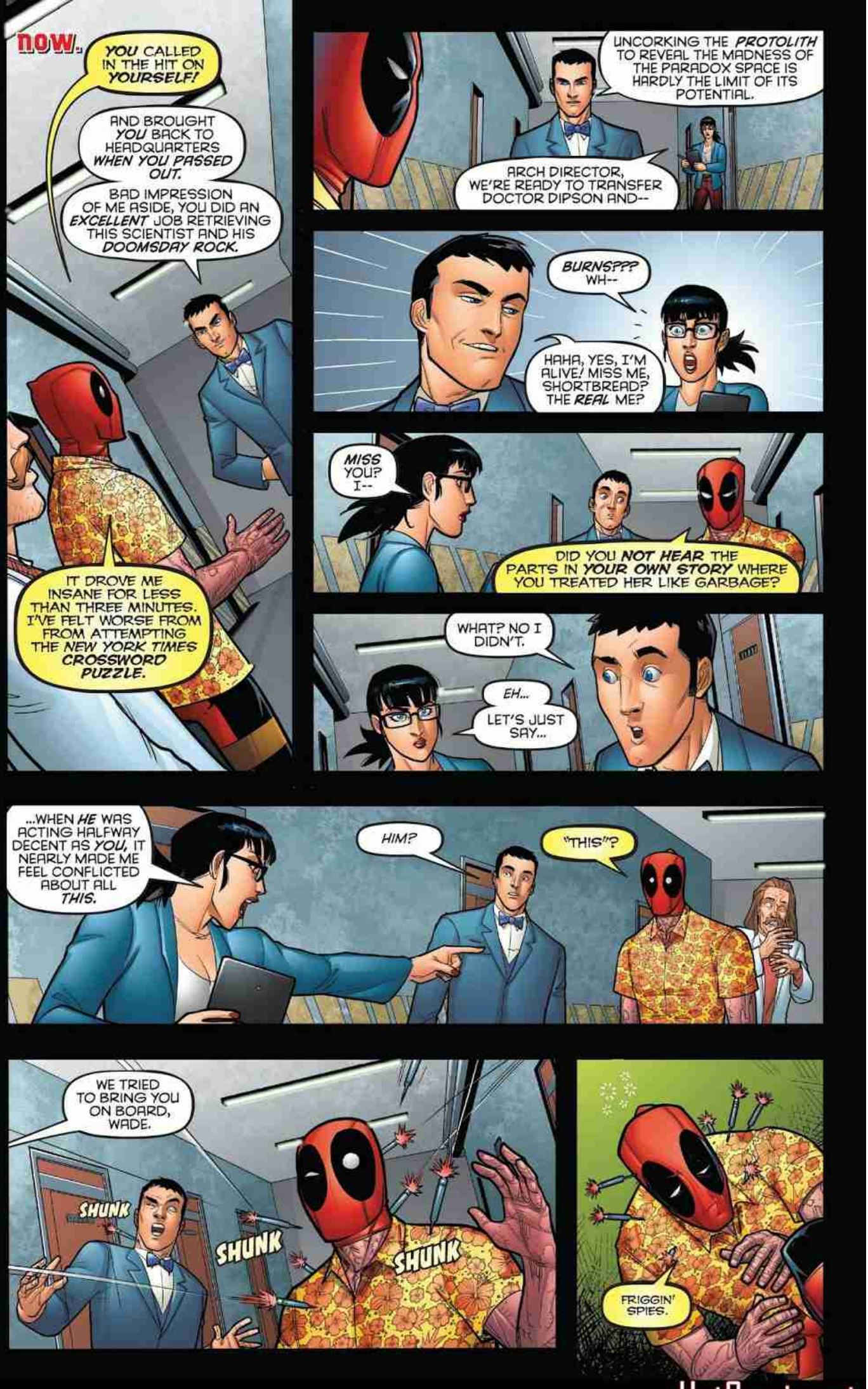
NOW.
YOU CALLED IN THE HIT ON YOURSELF!
AND BROUGHT YOU BACK TO HEADQUARTERS WHEN YOU PASSED OUT.
BAD IMPRESSION OF ME ASIDE, YOU DID AN EXCELLENT JOB RETRIEVING THIS SCIENTIST AND HIS DOOMSDAY ROCK.
IT DROVE ME INSANE FOR LESS THAN THREE MINUTES. I'VE FELT WORSE FROM FROM ATTEMPTING THE NEW YORK TIMES CROSSWORD PUZZLE.
UNCORKING THE PROTOLITH TO REVEAL THE MADNESS OF THE PARADOX SPACE IS HARDLY THE LIMIT OF ITS POTENTIAL.
ARCH DIRECTOR, WE'RE READY TO TRANSFER DOCTOR DIPSON AND--
BURNS??? WH--
HAHA, YES, I'M ALIVE! MISS ME, SHORTBREAD? THE REAL ME?
MISS YOU? I--
DID YOU NOT HEAR THE PARTS IN YOUR OWN STORY WHERE YOU TREATED HER LIKE GARBAGE?
WHAT? NO I DIDN'T.
EH... LET'S JUST SAY...
...WHEN HE WAS ACTING HALFWAY DECENT AS YOU, IT NEARLY MADE ME FEEL CONFLICTED ABOUT ALL THIS.
HIM?
"THIS"?
WE TRIED TO BRING YOU ON BOARD, WADE.
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK
FRIGGIN' SPIES.

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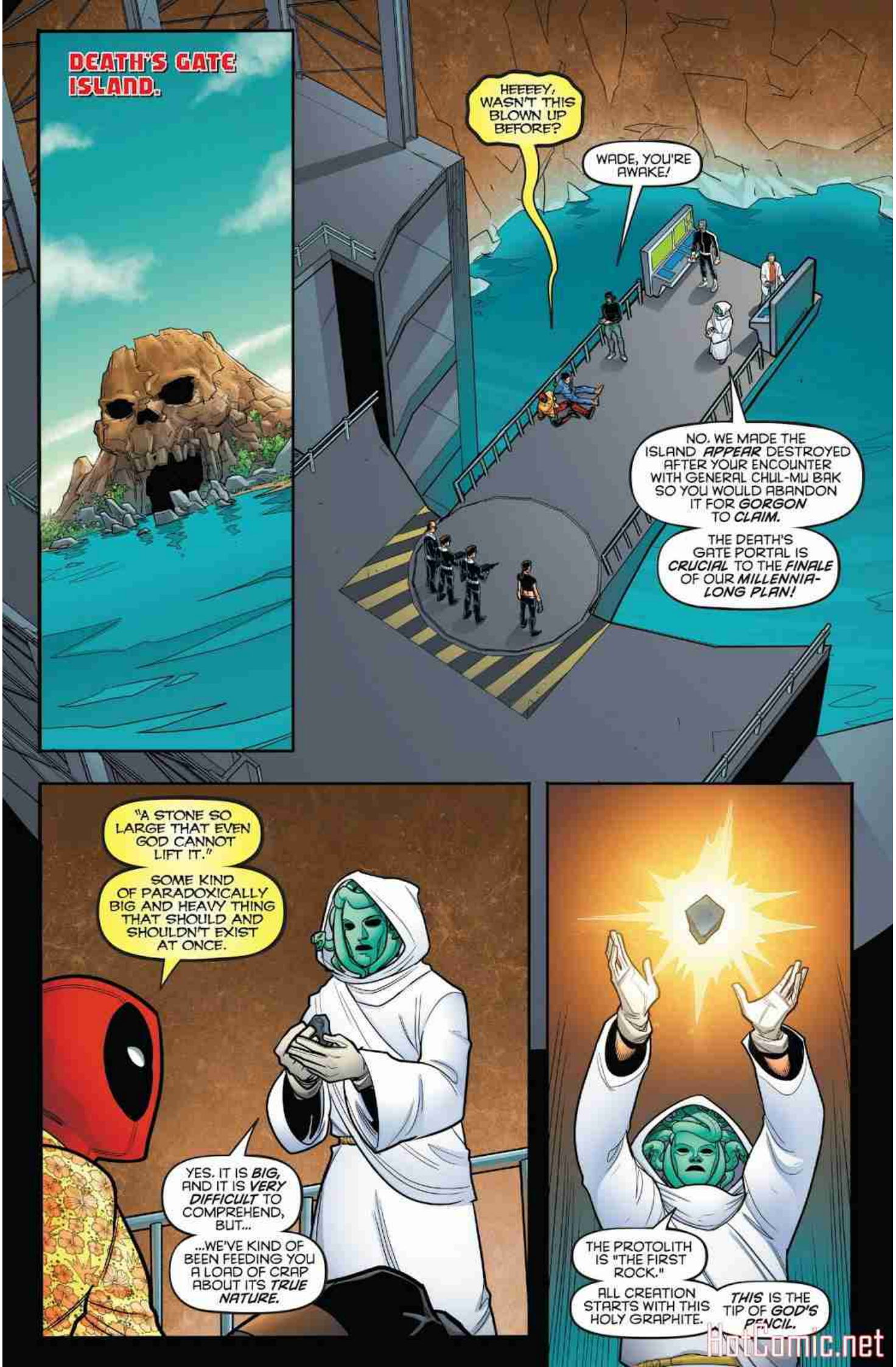
DEATH'S GATE ISLAND.
HEEEEY, WASN'T THIS BLOWN UP BEFORE?
WADE, YOU'RE AWAKE!
NO. WE MADE THE ISLAND *APPEAR* DESTROYED AFTER YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH GENERAL CHUL-MU BAK SO YOU WOULD ABANDON IT FOR *GORGON* TO *CLAIM.*
THE DEATH'S GATE PORTAL IS *CRUCIAL* TO THE *FINALE* OF OUR *MILLENNIA-LONG PLAN!*
"A STONE SO LARGE THAT EVEN GOD CANNOT LIFT IT."
SOME KIND OF PARADOXICALLY BIG AND HEAVY THING THAT SHOULD AND SHOULDN'T EXIST AT ONCE.
YES. IT IS *BIG,* AND IT IS *VERY DIFFICULT* TO COMPREHEND, BUT...
...WE'VE KIND OF BEEN FEEDING YOU A LOAD OF CRAP ABOUT ITS *TRUE NATURE.*
THE PROTOLITH IS "THE FIRST ROCK."
ALL CREATION STARTS WITH THIS HOLY GRAPHITE.
THIS IS THE TIP OF *GOD'S PENCIL.*
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HA HA, WHAT?
YES, GORGON IS DEDICATED TO STRIPPING AWAY POWER FROM THE UNWORTHY. LIKE BURNS AND THE ARCH DIRECTOR AND THEIR WHOLE STUPID ORGANIZATION.
BUT NOTHING CHANGES. REALITY ITSELF IS UNJUST. WE DEEM ITS AUTHOR UNQUALIFIED, AND WE REVOKE HIS PENCIL.
WE STAND ABOVE A PORTAL TO ANYWHERE. WE'LL DEPLOY THIS TOOL SWIFTLY ACROSS THE WORLD, REDRAWING IT TO OUR VISION.
A COSMIC. PENCIL.
THE ROOT OF ALL THE INJUSTICE OF CREATION, COMPLETELY UNDONE!
ISN'T IT EXCITING?
NICE WORK KEEPING HER DISTRACTED. MY CUFF LINKS HAVE DIAMOND WIRE. I'VE NEARLY GOT IT.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT?
PHONE'S NEARLY DEAD...
I CAN USE IT TO SLIP MY HANDS OUT OF THE CUFF LINKS, AND THEN I'LL GARROTE YOU. YOU'LL PASS OUT. THEY'LL THINK I'M ON THEIR SIDE.
I'LL SWEET-TALK THEM, AND THEN YOU CAN JUMP UP AND MAKE THEM SHOOT YOU.
THEY'LL RUN OUT OF BULLETS, YOU'LL HEAL AGAIN, AND--
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KRRCKRRK
HEY, EVERYONE, BURNS IS AWAKE AND HE WANTS TO KILL ME TO DISTRACT YOU AND RUIN YOUR PLAN.
SHHH! WHAT? NO, I DIDN'T!
HA HA HA, OKAY! THANKS, DEADPOOL!
ANY REASON YOU FELT LIKE SHARING?
FIRST OFF, I'VE ALREADY BROKEN AND RESTITCHED MY BONES TO GET FREE.
SECOND, THIS GUY HAS BEEN PLAYING ME SINCE THE START. I AM OVER IT.
I THINK YOUR PLAN IS INSANE, BUT...
...AT LEAST YOU'VE BEEN NICE TO ME.
PEOPLE AREN'T USUALLY NICE TO ME.
AND YOU'RE THE FIRST MAN I'VE MET WORKING IN ESPIONAGE WHO HAS DISPLAYED A SHRED OF RESPECT FOR ME AND WHAT I DO.
I'M A HATED KILLER FOR HIRE WITH FOREVER CANCER AND A CRAPPY APARTMENT.
I DON'T LIKE THIS REALITY EITHER. I'M READY TO SEE HOW THIS SHAKES OUT.
WELCOME TO GORGON, WADE.
AH! YES! IT BEGINS!
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THE PROTOLITH IS POINT OH-OH-NINE PERCENT SURFACED INTO OUR DIMENSION!
BE CAREFUL. OUR BRAINS WERE NOT BUILT TO COMPREHEND THE DIVINE SPACE THE PROTOLITH POKES OUT OF. IT PLUGS THE RIFT PERFECTLY, AND IF WE TEAR IT THE RESULTS WOULD BE CATASTROPHIC.

THE WATERS OF DEATH'S GATE SWIRL AND REFORM BELOW US. SOON IT WILL BE A PORTAL ABOVE NEW YORK CITY.
WHEN THE PROTOLITH EMERGES ABOVE, WE JUST LET IT DROP RIGHT DOWN TO REDRAW THE WORLD TO OUR LIKING...

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T-CHUNK!
WHO'S DOING THIS?! IT WILL TEAR OPEN REALITY!
MY PHONE! IT'S INTERFACING WITH THE EXTRACTION CONTROLS! IT'S MAKING IT GO TOO FAST!
THE PHONE...
THE UNIVERSAL ACCESS DEVICE I GOT FROM IMP...
WHERE IS IT?!
I LIIIIED...
Protolith extrac
safety OVERRIDE
OPEN UP!
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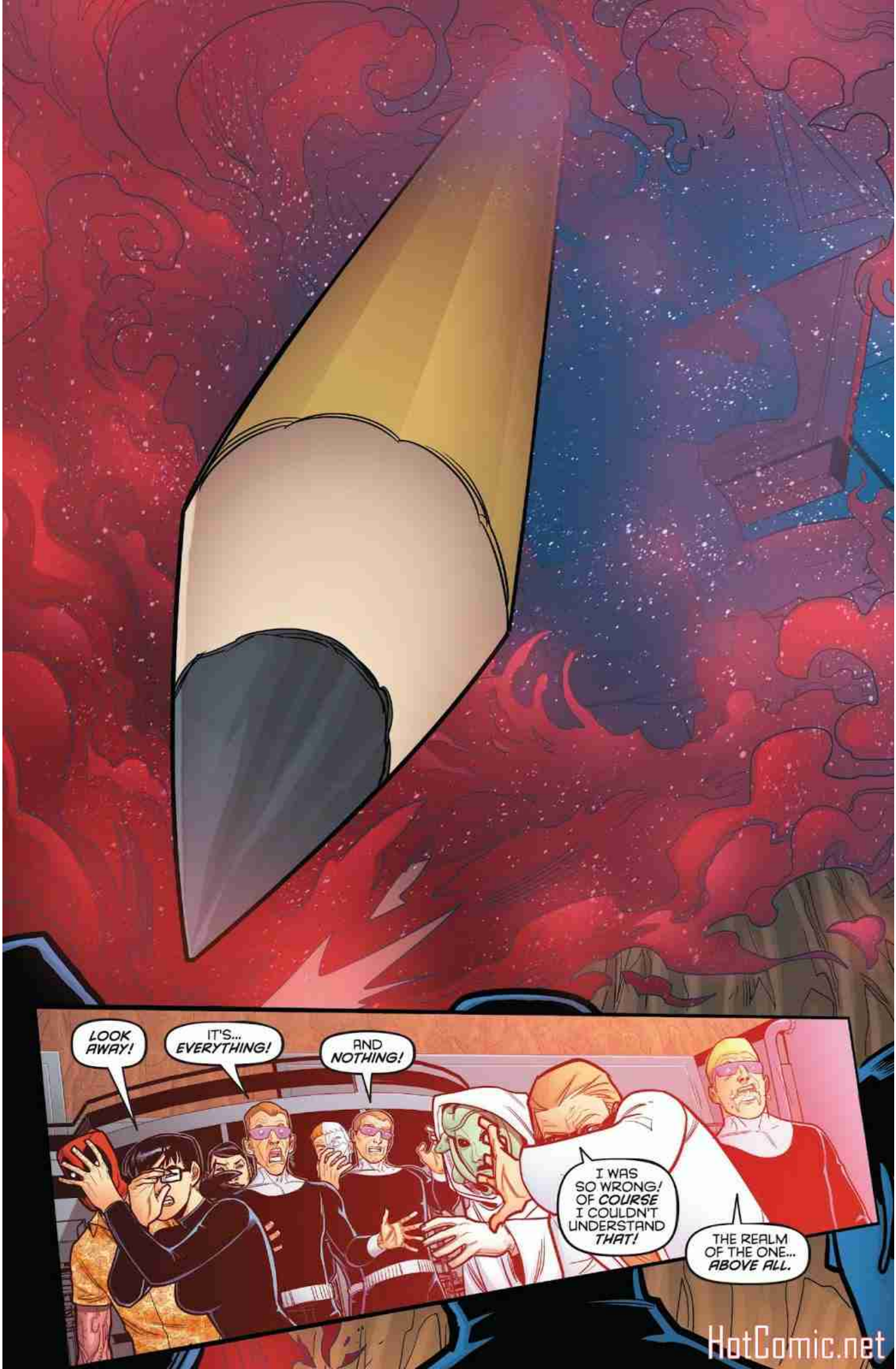

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YEAH, YEAH, SEEN IT.
HUP.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
I JUST THOUGHT I'D LET THIS SOURCE OF ALL TERROR AND WONDER AND LOVE KNOW THAT HE DROPPED HIS...
THAT HE DROPPED HIS...
HIS...
H-H--
BLEH!
ALMOST WENT CRAZY LIKE YOU NORMIES.
I'M GONNA TELL THIS GUY HE DROPPED HIS PENCIL!

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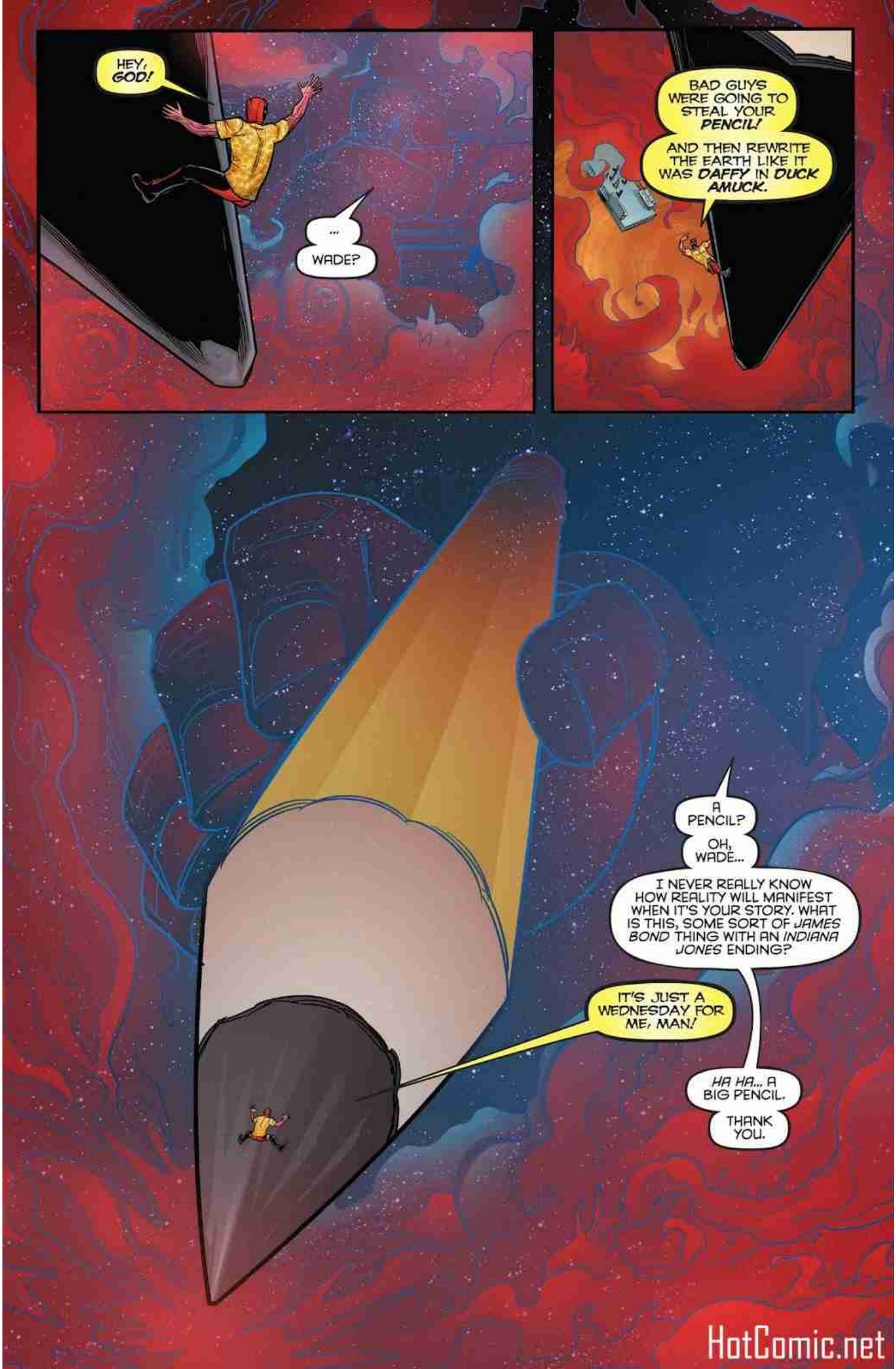
HEY, GOD!
...
WADE?
BAD GUYS WERE GOING TO STEAL YOUR PENCIL!
AND THEN REWRITE THE EARTH LIKE IT WAS DAFFY IN DUCK AMUCK.
A PENCIL?
OH, WADE...
I NEVER REALLY KNOW HOW REALITY WILL MANIFEST WHEN IT'S YOUR STORY. WHAT IS THIS, SOME SORT OF JAMES BOND THING WITH AN INDIANA JONES ENDING?
IT'S JUST A WEDNESDAY FOR ME, MAN!
HA HA... A BIG PENCIL.
THANK YOU.

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NO, PROBLEM! FEEL FREE TO USE IT TO FIX MY LIFE OR WHATEVER.
WE BOTH KNOW THAT WON'T WORK.
YEAH, I GUESS!
CAN'T BLAME A GUY FOR TRYING....
THAT'S A MASSIVE LEVEL OF POWER I DON'T FEEL LIKE TEMPTING ANYMORE TODAY.
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LET'S JUST CLOSE THE PORTAL BELOW US TOO...
S-STEP AWAY FROM THE TERMINAL!
KRAK
...BECAUSE I'M ABOUT TO DROP A TON OF BODIES, AND WE DON'T NEED THEM TO LITTER THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.
THIS HAS BEEN FUN.
BUT I'VE BEEN SCREWED BY EVERYONE HERE.
AND IT'S TIME TO WRAP THIS UP.

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BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

STAB

I'LL TALK TO YOU IN A SEC.
HEY, WHO HERE TIPPED OFF THE TERRORISTS TO THE PENCIL THAT BELONGS TO AN EXTRADIMENSIONAL BEING THAT SURPASSES OUR UNDERSTANDING?

THIS GUY DID.

I JOINED GORGON IN 1946, AND I HAVE SPENT THIS ENTIRE TIME DETERMINING THE MEANS BY WHICH THE ONE ABOVE ALL MANIPULATES CREATION. IT IS MY--

BLAM

THAT SHOULD HELP THIS STAY SECRET FOR A WHILE...
WELL DONE, DEADPOOL. IF YOU COULD UNTIE ME, WE CAN TALK ABOUT BRINGING YOU INTO THE RMA IN AN OFFICIAL CAPACITY--

PHONE CALL!

RATTED OUT!

ALL RIGHT, DOC. LET'S FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE.
I'D ACTUALLY REALLY LOVE TO STAY AND STUDY THIS ISLAND. THE PORTAL ITSELF IS ANCIENT, AND--

YOU GOT IT, NERD.

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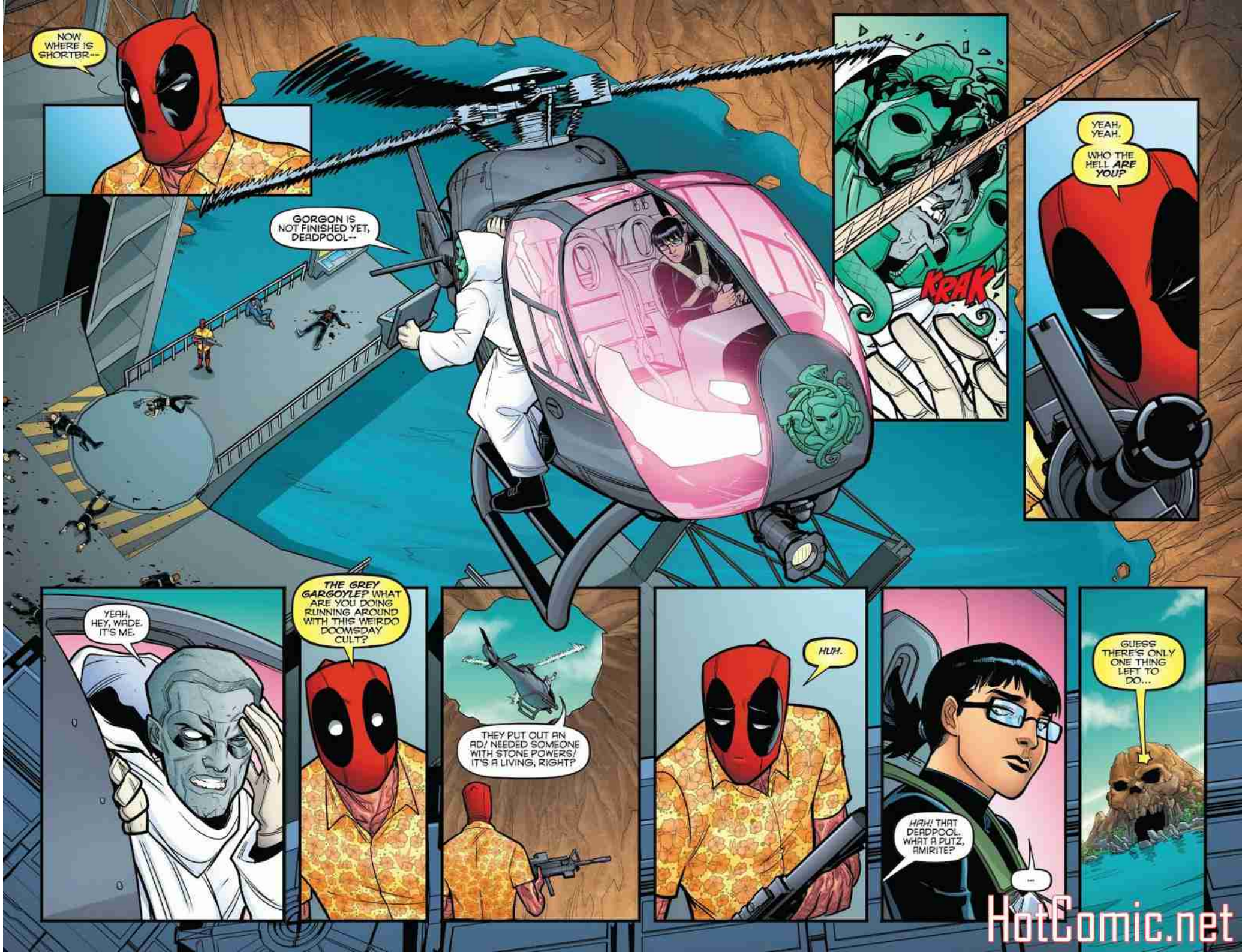
NOW WHERE IS SHORTBR--
GORGON IS NOT FINISHED YET, DEADPOOL--
KRAK
YEAH, YEAH.
WHO THE HELL *ARE YOU?*
YEAH, HEY, WADE. IT'S ME.
THE GREY GARGOYLE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING RUNNING AROUND WITH THIS WEIRDO DOOMSDAY CULT?
THEY PUT OUT AN AD/ NEEDED SOMEONE WITH STONE POWERS/ IT'S A LIVING, RIGHT?
HUH.
HAH! THAT DEADPOOL. WHAT A PUTZ, AMIRITE?
...
GUESS THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO...

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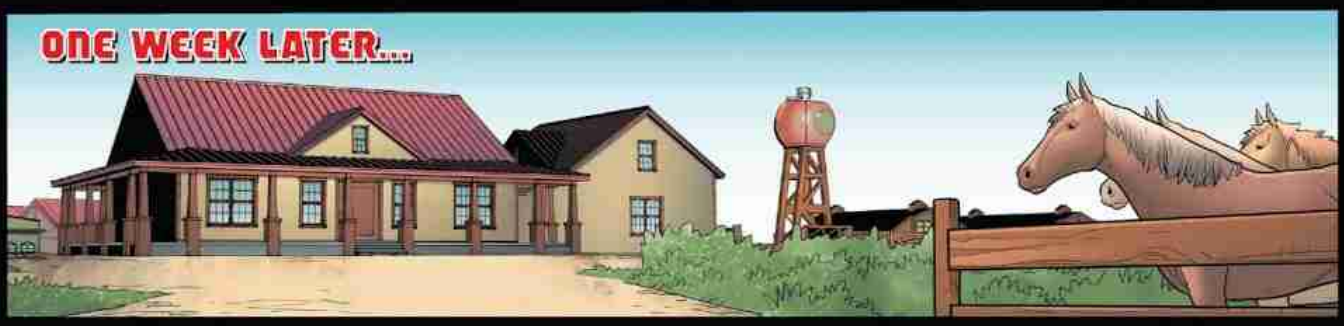

THAT WAS NICE! I LIKE FREELANCING WITH YOU, WADE! WHAT'S NEXT?
TECHNICALLY, IMP, THE HIT YOUR OLD PAL, JACE BURNS, PUT ON HIMSELF IS STILL OPEN...
YES, PLEASE!
THE END.

~~SECRET AGENT~~

DEADPOOL WILL RETURN.

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